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work of all kinds, executed on short  
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Satisfaction given as to quality and  
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Office over Goit & Castle's. Orders  
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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND  
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Office over Norton's store, Main St.,  
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10  
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P. M. All  
calls will receive prompt attention.

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MANUFACTURER OF  
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class  
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or  
Road Wagons. Repairing done on  
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B. S. STONE & CO.,  
DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop-  
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for  
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence  
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DENTIST.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-  
tracting teeth without pain, always on  
hand. All work warranted at the low-  
est living prices. Office over H. C.  
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL-  
ING CARDS COMBINED.

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or  
others so desiring, calling cards of any  
size or quality, having on the reverse  
side the Manual Alphabet, which many  
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.  
50 " " " 50 "  
100 " " " \$1.00

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Designer and Engraver on wood,  
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Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alph-  
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SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' Jour-  
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—Cicero.

## VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878.

NUMBER 35

### POETRY.

#### THE OLD HOME.

(From the Presbyterian.)  
I have gone—I cannot always go, you know;  
Best 't is—so—

Home across the distant ridges of the years,  
With my tears;

And the old house standing still on the old  
ground,

There I found,

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace  
Father's face;

And my mother, with her old accustomed air,  
Sitting there;

While beside them brothers, sisters, true and  
good,

Silent stood.

Through the stillness swam the song of summer  
bird,

And there stirred

On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine; and its glow

Faded slow;

But from all the living lips I watched around—

Not a sound.

Then I went up stairs slow, entering 'mid their  
glooms

All their rooms;

And I trod with softened step along the floors;

Opened doors;

But I never heard a voice or met a soul.

In the whole,

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and  
fro

Long ago;

Of the eyes that through the casement used to  
peep;

Out of sleep;

Of the feet that in these chambers used to run—

Now are none,

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,

Blue and high;

Of the leaves and the ancient garden plot,

Brown and hot;

Of the streamlets, and the shingle, and the tide—

These abide.

But beyond its azure vaulting overhead

Are my dead;

Though their graves were dug apart in many  
lands,

Joining hands,

They have gathered and are waiting till I come—

That is home!

### STORY TELLER.

#### THE ROMANCE OF A POSTAGE STAMP.

I breathed more freely after it was  
over. It was a temptation resisted—but  
I felt better after having done it.

As I was assorting the letters preparatory  
to putting them in the mail bag for New York, one letter turned up, and sent a jolting shock through me

that sent my heart throbbing and my  
brain swimming with a sudden dizziness.

I might have expected to have seen it, but  
it affected me when I did see it—"Joseph  
Norris, India Dock, New York"—that was  
the address—and I knew that was his.

I had a dear little note in that same  
hand writing next to my heart—  
a few graceful words thanking me for a book I had sent her—a little note that I had read over  
countless times and kissed it often, wondering  
would it displease her to know how fondly I cherished it. I thrust it up reluctantly—I felt I would as readily  
have touched a poisonous snake—and it was just about to put the postmark on

when I saw that the stamp upon it

instead of being a postal one, was a revenue  
stamp, and that the letter, instead of

of speeding off on wings of love to New  
York, must be consigned to the dead  
letter office at Washington. With a  
thrill of savage delight I flung it into  
the box appropriated to the reception of  
such castaways and went on with my  
evening's work. With that work I  
went on mechanically, but my thoughts  
were not very agreeably employed.

That then was the answer to the  
missive which she had received. But it  
should be long before he would get it—  
got it too late perhaps for an expla-  
nation: for misunderstandings be-  
tween lovers had often arisen from a  
slighter cause than the non-arrival of  
an expected letter. I pictured him  
waiting and longing for the letter that  
would not come, and she, poor girl,  
how her tender heart would be tor-  
tured by her imagined neglect when  
no answer would be forthcoming. She  
knew, would suffer in silence, and I  
fondly hoped that he would do the  
same. So I looked the mail bag and  
waited for the messenger to carry it  
to the station. The express would  
pass in an hour and a half. And then  
a struggle began in my heart. The  
mis-stamped letter seemed to look re-  
proachful at me from the box into  
which I had thrown it, and seemed to  
whisper to me that one little act of  
mine could send it unimpeded on its  
mission.

No one, I believe, unless he was in  
my situation, actuated by the same  
despairing, selfishly hopeful feelings  
that were overwhelming me, could un-  
derstand what a base impulse I con-  
quered when at last, after an hour's  
temptation I took that letter from its  
resting place, substituted a postage  
stamp for the revenue one, opened the  
mail bag and let it go. Then after it

was done some hot tears rushed to my  
eyes. It was my last hope, and I could  
not help indulging some weakness over  
its grave.

The next mail from New York ar-  
rived three days after. I had the poor  
satisfaction of seeing the results of my  
good action in a letter in the handwriting  
of my rival, addressed to Annie, making its unwished for appearance,

as I knew it would, shortly after Dr.  
Merrill took it away with him as he  
called for his mail. Loungers came  
in and out of the office and went away  
finding me little disposed for conver-  
sation. Nothing yet was known in  
the village of my acquisition, so I was

spared the pain of listening to com-  
plaints of the results of my action, but  
I was surprised to find my mother  
absent, and still more surprised when on  
opening a note she had left for me, I  
learned that she was with Annie at Dr.  
Merrill's, and that I was to follow her  
there. Hopeless as I felt, the pros-  
pects of seeing Annie again promised  
me only a painful pleasure, but still the  
thought of being near her had a  
sweet and sad fascination that I could  
not resist.

When I went home that evening I  
was surprised to find my mother  
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not resist.

"The girl I love!" she repeated  
questioningly.

I felt her hand tremble on my arm.  
"The girl I love," I answered in  
tones that she might have interpreted,  
but failed to do so.

"She ought to be a happy woman,"  
she continued. "May I ask if I know  
her?"

"If you know her!" I cried. "If  
you know her! O, who could she be  
but you?"

"Me?"

"The girl I love," I answered in  
tones that she might have interpreted,  
but failed to do so.

"She drew her hand quickly away  
from my arm and stood quite still before  
me.

"I am so glad to see you," she said,  
giving me her hand. "I have been  
impatient for your coming—and I will  
tell you why. There is a question I  
want you to answer. It perplexes me,  
and somehow I think I can look to you  
for its solution. You remember a letter  
I received in the early part of the  
week?"

She hesitated and cast down her  
eyes.

"I am so glad to see you," she said,  
giving me her hand. "I have been  
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# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## HOPE.

It is a small word, but one expressive in its multitudinous application of boundless meaning. To hope for a thing, according to Webster, is to desire, with the expectation of obtaining. In its modern application, Faith is, to a large extent, identical with Hope; for, if we earnestly hope for the possession or attainment of a specific object, we find ourselves exercising more or less faith in the belief that sooner or later the entertained hope, or wish, if you please to so designate it, will reward our wishing. Indeed, it is safe to assume that there is no hope conceived without its strengthening attribute represented by faith.

Well has it been said of Hope that it is the "guiding star of our existence." From the day of infantile reasoning, through youth, manhood and old age, down the declining years to the very portals of the grave, Hope, like an angel of mercy, sheds her beams of light across our pathway and forms a silver lining for every foreboding cloud that darkens life's horizon. Like the gorgeous rainbow which succeeds the devastating storm and promises a brighter to-morrow, so Hope, with her consoling and soothing characteristics of promised possession, always on the alert to heal the bleeding wounds produced by misfortune, steps into the breach and points to future happiness.

We cannot, by any careful, scientific or moral course of reasoning, honestly expect to reap the fruits of all our labors; for upon sober and candid reflection, it is often ascertained that we are hoping for what is not essential to our welfare. But bereft of the sustaining influence of Hope we should be like a craft upon the boundless sea, or like a lone wanderer in an endless forest. It is Hope alone which preserves humanity from being crushed under the ponderous weight of ever accumulating cares and anxieties, and with her freshly plumed pinions hovers about us in our despondent hours, cheering us on in life's great contest between failure and success.

This inherent element in our existence diffuses its golden brightness throughout our terrestrial existence and points to immortal glories in the celestial heavens. Hope is a God-sent comforter to sin-cursed mankind. It is the golden link in the chain which connects frailty with Divinity. Remove but this link alone and humanity is lowered to the level of the brute creation.

There are hours in the lives of nearly all when Hope seems to have departed forever; but, Phoenix like, this guardian angel of solace and cheering comfort soon regains her usurped throne, and her smile again illumine the dark pathway which so recently foreshadowed only gloom and utter despondency.

It is well that we cannot always realize our hopes in a worldly sense; for we often encourage hopes which, if they should lead to the achievement of our expectations, would bring to our possession more curses than blessings. We often hope for that which we know we ought not to possess, and when we fail to secure the acquisition of the desired ends recoil from the unworthy pursuit, feeling almost annihilated under a sense of the bitter disappointment; whereas, instead thereof, we should rather rejoice than otherwise, and often would could we but realize that all was thus determined by an overruling Providence, for our own good.

Thomas Brown, Chairman, West Henniker, N. H., Aug. 10, 1878.

able expectation of receiving any object the possession of which is a need of comfort, and in the enjoyment of which we do not extract from the happiness of others. There are hopes which are prompted from pure motives, and there are those which are simply an outcropping of selfishness.

Hope inhabits the hearts of all mankind. It is one of the distinct elements of our very being, and, though under adverse circumstances the presence may at times be overshadowed, she will not long consent to remain downcast, but soon asserts her supremacy, scorns the appearance of disparaging doubts and leads the mind's eye in the direction of some longed-for possession.

## LECTURES AT POTSDAM AND MALONE, N. Y.

The editor of the JOURNAL will, provisionally permitting, deliver a lecture in Potsdam, Thursday evening, September 5th, 1878, and in Malone, Saturday evening, September 7th, 1878, to the deaf-mutes and friends of the deaf-mutes of the above-mentioned villages and their surrounding vicinities. The places for holding the lectures will be announced by circulars or small handbills, which will be distributed throughout those villages a day or two previous to the lectures.

All deaf-mutes and the friends of such, residing in Northern New York, within reasonable distance, are cordially invited to be present at the above-named lecture, which will be delivered in sign-language for the deaf and dumb, and orally for the hearing portion of the audience.

Please remember the dates, Potsdam, N. Y., September 5th; Malone, N. Y., September 7th. Doors open at 8 P. M.; Lectures to commence at

## FAKE IMPRESSIONS.

Mr. E. Sonweine, of Cincinnati, O., says: "Whenever I organize a club of ten subscribers for the JOURNAL, I take but \$1.25 from each of them, instead of charging them \$1.50 (the regular price) and retaining 25 cents each subscription to pay my commission. Thus the club of ten subscribers have the benefit of the agents' commission which fairly belongs to me. Besides, I am at other sundry little expenses, all of which are paid out of my own pocket for their benefit. Still they do not appreciate the kindness shown to them, and keep up their gossiping about me. I do not care for their ingratitude, but their gossiping in such manner as to reflect insinuations against what they term my pretended kindness. I do object to, when I am trying to help them. They claim that I am a 'free subscriber,' and repudiate the motives of self-interest on my part."

We take pleasure in informing the Cincinnati, and all others, that Mr. Sonweine is a gentleman of unimpeachable character, that he pays the regular price for his own subscription to the JOURNAL, is no "free subscriber," that the kindness he is showing to subscribers is of an entirely disinterested kind, and that he is not doing anything in that way to add to the embellishment of his own pocket-book.

On the 11th of August Miss Mary E. Guard, a very young and amiable deaf-mute lady, returned to her home in Elizabethtown, O., after two weeks' pleasant visit among her friends in Cleves, O. She is a graduate of the Ohio Institution and has three deaf-mute cousins living in the same town.

T. L. Brown and wife, of Flint, Mich., who have been visiting Mr. Brown's father, Thomas Brown, at West Henniker, N. H., left for their western home a few days ago. Mrs. Brown stopped off at Skaneateles, N. Y., to visit for a few weeks. Mr. Brown was anxious to get back home to attend to the construction of their new house.

A subscriber desires to know when there will be a convention of deaf-mutes, in New York. The next convention of the Empire State Association of deaf-mutes, to which deaf-mutes of other States are not only welcome but cordially invited, will be held in the city of New York, on the last Wednesday of August, 1879.

We learn from good authority that the report, which appeared in our issue of August 15th, that Miss Mary Smith, of East Hartford, Conn., was soon to be married to Mr. Edwin W. Fribold, of Boston, is entirely without foundation. We hope the writer who sent us the above statement will hereafter be more careful and send us accurate information.

A subscriber says: "Mr. Sonweine, of Cincinnati, O., was a guest of one of the subscribers of the JOURNAL, at Franklin, O., on the 13th inst., spending a few days with him and in taking a look at paper-making, which was a very pleasant sight to him. He has since gained five pounds in flesh and was as fat as a grizzly bear when he left for home."

A. Boldan says he sold his farm, last March, for \$3,000, that the farm consisted of 160 acres, lying six miles north-west of Manchester, Iowa, the present residence of Mr. Boldan, and that the purchaser was James E. Smarler, of Cleveland, O. Mr. Boldan announced the fact that he has settled down to an easy life, in Manchester, for the balance of his days.

On the 14th of July, says a correspondent, Milton Van Dyke, a well-known deaf-mute pedlar, delivered a sermon before the New Cincinnati Church Deaf-Mute Society, by invitation of Mr. John Barrick. It was a matter of surprise to many mutes of Cincinnati that such an untrained person as Milton Van Dyke should be permitted to hold a service in Mr. Barrick's church.

Miss Rosa Beanschamp, a very aged deaf-mute lady, is now living at Franklin, O., forty-two miles from Cincinnati. About four years ago she met a deaf-mute for the first time in forty years. She was admitted as a pupil in the Ohio Institution when twenty-two years old, and graduated in 1837. She has entirely forgotten the sign-language.

Mrs. J. M. Raffington and children, of Chicago, have been visiting east, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., last week.

The deaf-mutes of the latter place were going to have a picnic at Clifton last Thursday, and, no doubt, Mrs. Raffington had a good time with them. Will some one send in an account of the picnic for our paper?

Mr. H. C. Hampon, for several years connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Indiana, has been elected superintendent of the Institution for the education of the same unfortunate class in Arkansas. He will attend the national meeting of the superintendents of the deaf and dumb institutions at Columbus and then leave for his new field of labor.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, Aug. 14th.

At St. Paul's Church, Columbus, O., Sunday, Aug. 18th, Rev. Dr. Gallandet and Rev. A. W. Mann officiated, the services being interpreted. At 11 A. M. President Gallandet interpreted Rev. Dr. Gallandet's sermon. The 8 P. M. service was in the interest of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home. Rev. Dr. Gallandet baptized Mr. D. A. Simpson, a member of the 1878 graduating class of the National Deaf-Mute College. Mr. Job Turner made an address.

Noyes' Hotel prices, 75 cents, 85 cents, and \$1.00 per day.

THOMAS BROWN, Chairman, West Henniker, N. H., Aug. 10, 1878.

## ENTRIES OF ARTICLES AND STOCK FOR THE FAIR.

Entries of articles and stock for the fair to be held at Mexico, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, will be taken by the secretary at the store of L. L. Virgil in Mexico, September 7th, day and evening.

M. W. COLLINS, Secretary.

Mrs. R. A. Denton, of Camden, N. J., says: "I do not hesitate to say that I truly believe Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life. It is right to hope for, with a reason-

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations, or institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

ELKHART, Ind., has a deaf-mute dentist named Hawk, a graduate of the Indiana Institution.

Miss Maggie Cummins, formerly a pupil of the Ohio Institution, is working in the sack factory at Middleton, O.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

JACQUES LOEW, lately from Vienna, Austria, is Superintendent of a leather, wood and bronze goods manufactory at 122 and 124 Duane street, New York.

Miss Rachael Guard, at one time a pupil of the Indiana Institution, has been living in Elizabethtown, O., for nearly a year, but intends to move back to Lawrenceburg, Ind., next fall.

On the 14th of August two or three deaf-mutes were thrown out of employment by the burning of the shoe factory of Messrs. Holdridge & Co., of Cincinnati, O. We hope they will get situations before long.

The obsequies of Prof. Joseph O. Pyatt took place at his residence in Philadelphia, Pa., Monday, August 19th. Besides many hearing people, about twenty mutes attended the funeral. Deceased was a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, where he for 44 years, up to the time of his death had been a teacher. Mr. Pyatt was the author of a book on the life of Mr. Newson, the celebrated Steubenville, O., deaf-mute artist, whom the Pennsylvania Institution pointed to as one of her graduates. Mr. Pyatt is said to have been a teacher of the deaf and dumb longer than any other instructor in the United States.

Mr. Joseph Stevenson, a deaf-mute, and brother of the steward of the Pennsylvania Institution, and who is a car inspector at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Thirty-second and Market streets, Philadelphia, about a month ago found a valuable pocket-book in one of the cars of a train from Long Branch. The pocket-book proved to be that of Jay Cooke, Jr., to whom Mr. Stevenson returned his "find" and in return received \$20 reward. The following is the letter sent by the secretary of the company to Charles E. Pugh, General Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad: "Dear Sir: I received by the hands of Mr. Delany your favor of this A. M., and Mr. Jay Cooke Jr.'s pocket-book, which I delivered to him personally. He asks me to hand to you the enclosed \$20 dollars, which you will please give to the finder. Mr. Stevenson, with Mr. Cooke's consent."

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Mr. Stevenson, a deaf-mute,

## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### PROFESSOR JOB TURNER AT COLUMBUS.

HIS ROUTE TO THAT PLACE SINCE LEAVING MEXICO, N. Y.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 21, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Allow me to tell you what transpired during my trip from Mexico, N. Y., to this place, via Marblehead, Mass.

Leaving Mexico on the 5th inst., I was very kindly received as a guest in the very agreeable family of Mr. Charles O. Upham's father, at Watertown, N. Y., one of the wealthiest cities in the State.

Mr. Upham and myself called on an aged deaf-mute, Mr. Roswell Howl, the same night. He could make himself well understood by us, though he had never received any education. He is about 80 years old, and retains his memory remarkably well, for he can say what has occurred under his own eyes since his boyhood. He told me that he remembered well when Watertown had but one store, surrounded by Indian wigwams. I asked him if he had any knowledge of a God and the future state, to which he replied in the affirmative. He has a deaf-mute wife, a graduate of the New York Institution. They live in a comfortable home of their own.

We called to see an aged deaf-mute woman, Miss Magdaline Roberts, aged about 90 years, whose signs she made plainly understood by us. She said she was born in Montreal, and moved to Watertown when a little girl. She has never attended school in her life.

After dinner we went into the country in a buggy to see a deaf-mute, Frederick Woolever, and found him engaged working at the moulder's trade. He said that he graduated from the New York Institution, and that his deaf-mute sister died of consumption, not long ago.

We rode on till we made a call on a deaf-mute lady, Mrs. Sarah E. Sip, formerly Miss Wayland, of New York. She and Mr. John Carlin's youngest daughter were spending the summer at Dexter, N. Y.

After tea we all boated down a beautiful stream which empties into Lake Ontario. A very fine sail it was.

About dark Mr. Upham and myself took a beautiful moonlight ride back to Watertown.

Taking leave of Watertown on the evening of the 7th inst., I found myself in Marblehead on the 9th and was overjoyed at meeting Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet and my other old friends, after an absence of about eight months in the South.

The same afternoon the trustees of the Industrial Home for deaf-mutes met according to adjournment, and agreed to select and give a committee of three influential speaking gentlemen power to buy such a farm as they might think well adapted to the use of such a home. I think it a wise thing, and it will, no doubt, be a success.

I attended the Boston Deaf-Mute Society meeting on the morning of the 11th inst., and found the house well filled. Mr. Weeks discoursed on the subject of the Head Church or corner stone. Among the silent listeners were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of New York. There I again had the pleasure of meeting Mr. George A. Holmes and others.

The same afternoon I held a service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and a good meeting it was.

I was in New York last Monday, on my way to this place to attend the convention now in session. I made calls in that city on Messrs. Fitzgerald and Witschief, and Miss Clapp, a teacher at the Minnesota Institution, and the shortness of my stay made it impossible for me to visit any more friends.

Last Thursday afternoon I found my way to Greenwood Cemetery, with a friend, in the appearance of which I was somewhat disappointed. There I saw the grave of Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, who married a semi-mute, Miss Griswold, who presented him with seven children.

We stopped to call on Mr. and Mrs. Davis for a few minutes, and one of their daughters treated us to nice ice-cream.

Last Tuesday we had a very beautiful sail up the majestic Hudson, the splendor of whose scenery I could not help admiring.

My good friend John T. Southwick received me into his family kindly, on my arrival at Albany. He is considered the best or most skillful book-binder in the Union.

Last Wednesday I took the deaf-mute picnic near Troy, N. Y., by surprise, and they had a very enjoyable time. The picnic was opened and closed with prayer in the sign-language. There were forty-one deaf-mutes there, among whom were the editor of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, Professor Lloyd, a teacher in the New York Institution, Mr. Hodgson, a printer in the *Deaf-Mute Educator* office and others. We called at the neat farm-house of Gerrit I. Vandenburg, a venerable deaf-mute aged 73, surrounded by an affectionate family and the luxuries of his well cultivated farm. He said that he and his brother were taught by the late Levi S. Backus, at Canajoharie, N. Y. I made the acquaintance of Miss Monroe, of Albany, at the picnic. She said that she was taught by Dr. H. P. Peet's predecessor, who was removed through the influence of Laurent Clerc. The picnic passed off to our great satisfaction, and the success belongs to W. T. Collins, of Troy, N. Y.

While Mr. Clerc was in Albany on a visit, Gov. Dewitt Clinton met and complained to him that the predecessor

or was not the right man in the right place, because he could not make anything out of his pupils. Mr. Clerc replied that the New York Institution system was different from that at the Hartford Asylum. So the Governor wrote to the elder Gallaudet, who afterwards recommended Dr. H. P. Peet to him as a suitable person. The Governor then appointed him principal, through whose energy and perseverance the administration of the New York Institution has been carried to the highest degree of efficiency, which has been greatly accelerated by his son, Isaac Lewis, now the principal.

I must not omit to say something about Mr. Moses Smith, a semi-mute. He has a general country store of his own in Jonesville, N. Y., and is often trusted as an administrator.

About nine o'clock p. m. we all dispersed to our respective homes, much pleased with our picnic.

On Thursday night, the 15th, I took the cars for this place, meeting Dr. L. L. Peet at Dunkirk, N. Y., and Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann at Erie, Penn. Mr. Peet and myself traveled through to Columbus leaving the others at Cleavland. We had very pleasant talks with each other on board the train.

We took quarters at this institution at 7 o'clock p. m. About thirty arrivals had taken place that day; but a little more than one hundred have since been announced.

You may judge of my surprise to meet my friend Mr. R. H. Atwood, of Massachusetts, the next morning. I have been much pleased to meet so many of my friends whom I saw in my southern work.

The ninth convention of principals and teachers of the American deaf-mute institutions met in the chapel of this institution at 3 o'clock last Saturday.

We, the delegates, are much delighted with the fine order in which this institution has been put, the credit of which belongs to that very energetic gentleman, Superintendent Fay and his assistants, for they are quite well prepared to make the stay of the members of the convention pleasant.

We find the decorations in and about this institution tastefully designed. Over the front door is the inscription "Welcome to Ohio," and two large flags on both sides of the entrance. The chapel is well decorated with flags. Behind the stage hangs an oil painting of my old teacher, Laurent Clerc, draped in national and foreign colors, between two busts on shelves, one representing his old instructor, the Abbe Sicard, and the other the Abbe de l'Epée.

Who was Laurent Clerc? He is known to have been born and raised in France. When he was a boy he accidentally fell into the fire and would have been burnt to death, but was providentially saved,—perhaps that he might come to America to teach the deaf and dumb. He had been connected with the Paris Royal Institution eight years, when the elder Gallaudet requested him to accompany him to the New World. Mr. Clerc mentioned it to the principal, who told him that he would be called foolish if he should leave his class and work with Mr. Gallaudet in the United States. He replied to him that he felt that God had decided to send him away. His life and works have been publicly published.

The Abbe Sicard, who taught Mr. Clerc, is said to have perfected our manual alphabet, which his predecessor, the Abbe de l'Epée, invented, if I do not mistake.

Among the distinguished arrivals here are President Chapin, of a college in Wisconsin; President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington; his brother, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, widely known as the General Manager of the Deaf-Mute Church Mission; Mr. L. L. Peet, of the New York Institution, and a large number of others.

I go to Louisville on Friday, the 23d, to hold a service on Sunday, thence to Wheeling to conduct a service September 1st, and thence to Boston to fulfill my appointment of September 8th.

I am told that we are having the finest convention that we ever had.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN TURNER

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would request that you kindly bring to the notice of all deaf-mutes through your paper the fact that I sent, on the 28th of April last, the sum of \$137 in gold, which I had collected for the benefit of European Institutions, from various sources, to Mr. Ferdinand Rasch, a deaf-mute teacher, at No. 3 S. Rosstrasse, Leipzig, Germany, through Messrs. I. and W. Seligmann, of Broad street and Exchange Place in this city, who will gladly testify to this fact.

I request your kind assistance in this matter, as to my regret it has been intimated to me that the deaf-mutes of Philadelphia have doubted my integrity in this matter. Notwithstanding the fact that he has been repeatedly requested to do so, Mr. Rasch has hitherto failed to acknowledge the receipt of the draft above referred to.

Your friend,  
JACQUES LOEW.

### LIST OF CINCINNATI DEAF-MUTES ABROAD.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mrs. Smithson nee Miss Goodson is at Elizabethtown, O., a guest of Miss M. E. Guard; Mrs. J. H. Vance at Carthage, Ky.; Mrs. James Byrnes at Richmond, O.; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor at Columbus, O.; Mr. S. M. Freeman at Columbus, O.; Mr. John Barrick at Edgaville, Ky.; Mr. Souweine at Middle-town, O.

Death of a Former Employee of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

ARCADE, N. Y., August 23, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is my painful duty to chronicle the sudden death of Clarence D. Little, former assistant steward of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He left Sing Sing (where he kept a grocery store) about three weeks ago with his lovely wife for Pine Valley, where they were visiting relatives, and while there Mr. Little was taken very sick with typhoid fever and died one week afterward. His remains were sent to Sheridan, three miles from Dunkirk, and interred by the side of his father.

Dr. I. L. Peet, who was then at home on his old farm, attended the funeral and, no doubt, eulogized his character.

I saw Mr. Little every day for ten years when I attended school, and liked him very much. He was a man of sterling industry and most exemplary character. I hope somebody at the New York Institution will write a sketch of his work and life and send it to you for publication.

Yours truly,  
SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.

### COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., Aug. 22, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad to see that some of your regular correspondents keep your readers well-informed as to the doings of our many friends. None are more gratified than I am to hear the good news "A Deaf-Mute" writes regularly.

In gratitude to all that venerable institution, should those rendered adepts by its teachings further, through your noble paper, the welfare of those to whom the few beneath a thought, and therein receive to their interest the information otherwise beyond their reach.

From what a letter, recently received, mentions, it appears that like many of our speaking populace, civic magnetism contracts so strongly that, rather than hope for better in a more remote locality, they subside to the privation which the absence of ocular and lingual advantage to facilitate the bustle of city occupations made doubly onerous and whose education, like their senses, is half defunct. To those, then, would I entreat the acceptance of that license more common to rural fosterage. Agricultural or country life renders them better qualified to approach what "Fanwood" industry has deprived of numerous barriers in endowing you with means to ingratiate yourselves into the ways and views of his fellow-beings. In so endeavoring, happily have but one community with whom to expostulate on the necessity of what behoves their incapacity for the higher positions, and learning also inspires a reluctance for the lower ones. Considering that the next trace of this band would be the enlistment in the ranks of mendicancy, a nefarious appendage to the claimant of pupillage of "Fanwood," and finds himself scoffing at her who does not relax her endearment for progeny, if by but maintain through honest strife, in any matter of respectable calling, the principals founded at Fanwood.

I know that there is quite a number of young graduates of my alma mater who can enter Kendall college. Those who have nothing to do I would advise to go there at once. Remember what rests upon you, the honor, the fame of "dear old Fanwood," whose character has never been blushed. If some of you expect to go to college, keep the watch-word "Fanwood expects every one to do his duty" ever before your minds; show yourselves one of her sons, and never let any act of yours cast dishonor on her glorious name. Then, truly, my dear friends, will you come out victoriously.

I was glad to be able to interest the large congregation present in Madison in the deaf-mute work. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. Valentine in Milwaukee. He was formerly a teacher in the deaf-mute institution at Indianapolis, and is now a rising young lawyer in lucrative practice in Chicago. He is still able to communicate freely in signs and will, doubtless, be able frequently to utilize this power for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, in his new profession. His genial and pleasant manners win him hosts of friends, and enable him to maintain his rotundity of figure.

My best thanks are due to Messrs. J. C. Balis and P. S. Engelhardt for their assistance in notifying the mutes of the service.

Very sincerely yours,  
THOMAS B. BERRY.

Mr. Aldrich has gone to the sea shore for a week's recreation, after having worked hard for a whole year.

J. T. D.

### A LETTER FROM REV. THOMAS B. BERRY.

WHAT HE IS DOING FOR THE DEAF-MUTE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

REON, WIS., August 24, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have just returned from a trip to Milwaukee and Madison, where I have been holding services for the deaf-mutes.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION

The Convention was called to order yesterday afternoon soon after three o'clock by Rev. Aaron Chapin, D. D., LL. D., of Wisconsin, the President of the Convention.

After appointing the usual committees the session adjourned.

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